DON'T VOTEENGAGE! ABSTAIN!

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Client Perspectives at the Grindhouse* Casino?! The "Star Treatment"?! It was a Fascist Hellcare Fairy Photo Play. (*Not to be confused with the Parkdale Community Hell Centre PCHC Toronto - a wholly other - if at times parallel - universe....)

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Johnny went to the Grindhouse on THING STREET to get an Academy Award. He hadn't been to one in fifty years, and he'd quit his last bit-part over acute anxiety.

He kept fluffling his lines....

He needed a career tonic, cloacal and transformative. All the crazies cried for it. It was fermented in the Basement Studios of the Ministry of Stealth and Despair, and dispensed by a coterie of medical bureaucrats, charlatans with Pork U Diplomas and butch, military names like Medical Production Unit that sounded like they'd all been lost till now filming the Korean War or WWI, because they wore those crazy helmets, German ones with spikes on which they impaled every lunatic bit-player's rejected bid for STARDOM....

The senior wonks could all be readily identified by their thicker, meatier helmet wads.